

The Bloomfield Record.

Devoted to the Interests of Bloomfield, Glen Ridge, Montclair, and the various Suburban Districts of Essex County.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY AUGUST 13, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENTS

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The price for advertisements in this column will be one cent for each word for not less than fifteen words. Advertisements should be received at this office before 10 o'clock Friday.

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FOR SALE.—Lot on Glenwood Avenue, near Main St. Orange, 25 ft. front. Worth \$1000. Will be sold for \$750. Apply at "Economic Office."

Dr. Grace E. White,
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Hours 2 to 4 P. M. Telephone 45.

DENTISTRY.

At the lowest prices consistent with first-class workmanship.

DR. SEYMOUR BOUGHTON,
For many years with DR. H. D. ALLEN, the eminent Surgeon-Dentist of New York City, is now prepared to receive patients in his new dental parlors at No. 17 CEDAR ST., Newark. Teeth extracted painlessly by use of new anesthetic.
Complicated cases requiring scientific dental surgery are respectfully solicited.
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Prescriptions put up at All Hours, Day and Night.

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In a Workmanlike Manner.

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PUT THIS DOWN,

and you'll save money; neglect it and you'll lose. You need for your outing stay toilet requisites, namely: tooth, hair, nail, and bath brushes; bath towels, sponges, mittens and soaps; tooth powders, hair tonics, perfumes and Pettie's witch hazel. Every other article you may need is here—better in quality and lower priced than elsewhere.

Go to Pettie's,
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NEVER CLOSED PRUDENTIAL PHARMACY.

PETTIE: RE PUTS UP PRESCRIPTIONS

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925 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

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Martin J. Callahan,

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A supply of Door-steps, Window

sills and Caps, and Cellar Steps on

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STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE

Near D. L. & W. R. R. Depot.

RESIDENCE ON THOMAS

The New Philanthropy.

The new charity of which so much is said and so little understood has for its essence the embodiment of the social spirit in the relief of human needs. It seeks, by organized, systematic methods and co-ordinated resources, combined with true human helpfulness of spirit, to make our modern benevolence effective in the highest degree. To this end it brings the application of trained minds, of the world's latest and best knowledge and experience, to the solution of the manifold problems connected with the treatment of those classes of society termed "defective and delinquent." Its chief aim has been to realize Benjamin Franklin's idea of lifting the poor out of their poverty, rather than making them contented in it, to lessen rather than increase poverty and its concomitants, crime and disease.

In a word, the social spirit in philanthropy has tried to do what the individual spirit in philanthropy has lamentably failed to do—to help the poor! And while still far from perfect, the new charity has already been successful to a remarkable degree in this attempt. It has been successful, however, in proportion as it has been inspired by the social spirit and given its attention to the consideration—the full, deep, clear, thorough and scientific consideration—of defectiveness and delinquency, rather than of defectives and delinquents.

To go back to private philanthropy as a means for relieving poverty would be like tearing down our sanitariums and hospitals, abandoning our medical colleges and ceasing to teach or to practice any knowledge of anatomy, physiology and hygiene. It would be like going back to the good wife's "simples." Our social, like our physical disorders, have become too widespread and too complex for reliance on any such primitive treatment.

On the other hand, much of our needs may have outgrown the Lady Bountiful's methods, we cannot in dealing with the problems of poverty and crime in the large, leave out of account the Lady Bountiful's compassion and sympathy, her sweet graciousness, her comforting kindness, her blessed giving of self with her alms. With out much of this spirit, all the knowledge, organization and system imaginable in the treatment of the unfortunate would be a dreary failure.

It is a good deal the fashion to scoff at "sentiment" as a factor in human progress. It has been the habit also to think of science and sentiment as irreconcilable opposites, having no proper relation. It would be more correct, perhaps, to regard them as complementary allies, as the positive and negative poles of a battery to be married in the new sociology. In one sense, sentiment must always come first. It points the end to which science must sooner or later find the means. As Faith points the goal to Reason, so Sentiment sets her standard on the mountain top and summons Science onward over blind unbelief in anything better than what has been or what is—over the obstacles of traditional opposition to all advance, of prejudice and of inertia, till, lo! what was the sentiment of yesterday becomes the solid fact of to-day. So it was with American independence. So it was with the emancipation of the negro. So it was with the abolition of capital punishment, which within the memory of men still alive was the penalty for sheep-stealing in England and within 200 years was the statutory punishment for all crimes and misdemeanors. So it will be more and more, each day throwing new light on the duty each owes to all, each day showing the fatal blunder we commit wherever there is failure to recognize the individual human soul and its rights. And when we know in full and in full live up to the obligation embodied in "equal opportunity for all," philanthropy may lie down to its last slumber, since its work will be done. "Equal opportunity" will have brought in its train that type of birth, of education, and of development that stands for a reconstructed humanity, and writes over the door of every public institution, "No longer Charity, but Justice."—Helen Campbell in *The New Time*.

Small Boy—How much does this pair of stockings cost? Clerk—Three cents. S. B.—Well, how much does this one cost separately? C.—Two cents. S. B.—Then I'll take the other. —Princeton Tiger.

"Well," said the assistant in a chemist's shop to an Irishman who pointed to a pile of soap. "I want a lump of that," answered the Irishman. "Thank you. Will you have it scented or unscented?" "I'll take it wild me." —Chicago.

1897 Cleveland Combination Tandem to rent by Coggeshall & Smith, 14 Broad St.

THAT OBNOXIOUS WIRE FENCE

IT NO LONGER OBSTRUCTS THE OUTLET OF BENSON STREET.

Citizens Tear It Down With the Authority of Mayor and Council.

The people residing in the vicinity of the Glen Ridge Station on the Erie Branch decided among themselves on Monday that the wire fence erected across Benson Street in front of the station by G. C. Collingwood had stood long enough. With this determination a large delegation, numbering about thirty, appeared before the Glen Ridge Council Monday evening to inquire when the Borough authorities intended to assert the rights of the public to Benson Street. They were informed that part of the fence was unquestionably an encroachment, and that it would be removed as soon as the Borough road force was put to work in that vicinity. The delegation offered to relieve the Council of all trouble and responsibility by returning immediately and tearing down the fence. "If you are in such a hurry go ahead, and we'll stand by you," said one of the Council. It was however decided to wait and do it on the following afternoon, when the Borough Engineer could be on hand and designate the lines bounding public and private ownership in the land that had been enclosed.

On Tuesday afternoon about 6.30 o'clock the citizens who had organized themselves for the purpose of destroying the fence formed in order on the Ridgewood Avenue bridge. Marshal Jacobs and two of the Glen Ridge police took the lead. Close following them were John W. Stewart of Ridgewood Avenue, who shouldered an axe, J. F. Place of Forest Avenue had in his hand a pair of keen nippers. Others prominent in the procession when it reached the railroad station were Henry V. Allen, F. L. Parry and D. S. Standish, equipped with cold chisels, hammers, axes, etc. Borough Engineer Crane brought up the rear with his bicycle. The first of the pioneer party starting out to clear the way for Klondike by the overland route. A determined enthusiasm was written on every face. A patriotic Boston-Tea-Party-flavor pervaded the whole procession.

At the station platform a brief halt was made. Marshal Jacobs stated that the Engineer would designate which posts and wires were to be cut and which were to be left unmoored. Then Engineer Crane pulled his wheel after him up the bank and pointed out a spot about seventy feet above the corner post at Wildwood Terrace. In a moment the destruction began.

Mr. Place commenced snipping the wires and Mr. Stewart was the first to get in a stroke with his axe. While this was being done Edward S. Wilde hurried to the scene and began taking the names of the men who were cutting down the fence. Mr. Place, giving his hands and nippers a momentary rest, said "I guess you know me," and went on with his work. Neither Stewart nor Allen needed any introduction and scant civilities were exchanged. They referred Mr. Wilde to Marshal Jacobs as having been deputized by the Borough Council to see that the fence was removed without interference or disturbance of the peace. The lawyer took in the situation as he viewed the shield of the Marshal, and it was a comical situation, for the tables were turned. The Mayor of Glen Ridge, away on his vacation, was a "bigger man" than the Burgomaster of Chestnut Hill, who had been running things, fencing in and fencing out property, laying out parks for his friends, etc. In short, the last of the anti-boroughites found himself confronting a condition and not a theory, and asked no more irrelevant questions. Reinforced by Mrs. Wilde and Miss Wilde, he resisted the work of demolishing the fence by standing at each post as the wires were cut and the axemen approached. There was great danger that somebody would be accidentally hurt, but the choppers were cool and careful. The Marshal and Borough policemen were polite, in fact forbearing to a fault in not escorting the two ladies who were in the thick of it to a place of safety.

In this manner the demolition proceeded, though slowly, as wires, barbed and plain, had been stretched thickly from top to bottom on every post. When the last post at the top of the hill was reached the excitement was at its height. A hundred or more people were on the ground, all of whom seemed to be in full sympathy with the "Borough Tea Party." Everybody was full of the Spirit of '76. Many ladies viewed the scene approvingly from the station platform. A train pulled up from New York at seven o'clock and G. C. Collingwood got off. He pushed into the crowd and created a riotous disturbance for a moment by attempting to shove one

of the onlookers of the play out of his standing room in public ground.

In the final scene Mr. Wilde and Miss Wilde made a dramatic effort to hold the last post, claiming that it stood on private property. The choppers and wire cutters were thereby prevented and hindered from completing the job until Engineer Crane said the post should come down. Then the Marshal and policemen forced the opposing party away and the obnoxious post was attacked. It was a thick one, and a tall one, and the chopper's axe was dull from frequent contact with the strands of wire. While it was being cut the crowd gathered around at close range, and a battle of words ensued between neighbor Wilde and his neighbors, Stewart and Allen. "Chappie" Allen busied himself by hacking away with a little axe at one and another of the stumps left by the other choppers.

When the work was finished and the debris collected in a pile, three cheers were heartily given for the Borough of Glen Ridge, and this very dramatic event came to an end.

Supplementary to the above record will be found on an inside page a letter sent by one of the Borough party to the Superintendent of the Railroad. It is an important contribution, calling attention to the danger as well as inconvenience of shutting off Benson Street by the wire fence program, thereby making a thoroughfare along the railroad track. The summary work accomplished on Tuesday evening should not be suspended until the whole nuisance of posts and wires is wiped out of existence, and unrestricted liberty of an outlet from Forest Avenue to Benson Street is established.

The Park Band Concerts.

Some one said not long ago that Bloomfield seemed to be blessed with musical talent whatever else it lacks. The citizens have appreciating the pleasant influences of music in the open air, and judging from the numbers who weekly congregate at the Park band concerts, our neighbors are also appreciative of harmonious strains. With few exceptions the occupants of the band stand are amateurs, young men whose taste for orchestral music has brought them into congenial companionship; and diligent practice has made them what they are: "our band." The embryo stage of the band that has come into pleasant prominence was under the leadership of Mr. Melvin Bush, of Montclair. Later Mr. F. H. Whitney took the baton, and he has conducted the concerts most successfully.

The performers practice regularly at the armory on Thursday nights, and the successful swing with which they have rendered the popular airs has been verified by the crowds who congregate on pleasant evenings to hear "El Capitan" and all the other inspiring melodies which have endeared themselves to the public this summer.

The first concert given last month was so warmly welcomed by the populace that the performers were somewhat at a loss to know what to make of the reception. The children from the lower parts of town flocked up around the band stand, even crawling underneath it and beating on the floor with sticks. The band was surprised and annoyed at this demonstration of savage appreciation. In fact it seemed uncertain whether the concert would terminate as such or pandemonium would reign. Fortunately it became a case of the survival of the fittest, and our popular Friday evenings are now attended by an orderly crowd.

The region of the flagstaff was a bright and interesting panorama last week. The owners of wheels easily outnumbered the pedestrians, and gathered within the circle of the light was apparently every style of machine and every style of rider known to the road.

Where did they all come from was the question. Possibly the lively strains had lured cyclists passing through the town, besides attracting those from the neighboring places. On every side an array of glittering machines, and from them an accompaniment of bells jingling with the music. An appreciative assembly, and since the musicians propose to continue the outdoor concerts it is hoped the townspeople will be liberal in sustaining them.

The Executive Committee of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society, at a meeting held on Tuesday afternoon, adopted a sweeping resolution prohibiting every form of gambling within the park gates at Waverly this year.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "XENIA."

(Copyrighted by Dame & Taylor.)

TO RISING ONES.—It is a delightful sensation to rise in the world: to have the few who thrust out the tongue at you, humbled in the dust; to have the many dazzled at your accomplishments. But if dazzling or despite lurk in your heart as the great gain of rising, you have missed the grandest pleasure of power. He who actually hampers himself in order that others may be uplifted is greater than he who moves upward alone. The hampered one sets other forces at work, the credit of which is really his. The imperious, cold-hearted one stands alone. When he ends, his power ends, and he leaves no beneficiaries behind him to carry on their work along lines to which he first gave the impulse in their hearts.

TO THE AMBITIOUS.—Viewed from a selfish standpoint, there is nothing so helpful as struggle in attaining an ambition. Just think what a crowd there would be at the top, if the mountain of purpose were bored for a safety elevator like some of the Alpine summits. But just because there is no beaten track but only hardships and chilling reverses, there is and always will be room for those who are successful. The strenuous effort that a writer has to put forth, for instance, the delays in recognition; the pittance of pay. All these continue year after year, wear out the feeble-hearted and give larger field for the lion-hearted who, even if unsuccessful at first, out of their failures get strength for later successes.

Seek ye the power to rule your fellow men
By right of silver speech or golden pen?
Seek ye above the common herd to rise
"Learn first thyself to rule," the wise man cries.
Seek ye the power to save thyself from fall
And to obtain the mastery over all?
"Learn," says a wiser still, "to conquer fate,
"Ye needs must be in all things temperate."

drifting across the frigid north asserted that his beloved homeland did not exist, for the reason that it was out of sight, he would not be more unfeeling than we who decide the world to be retrograding and worthless as a whole, just because we, ourselves, are retrograding or our outlook is cheerless. The world is wide and the view of any one person narrow. Because, perhaps, for us there is no good thing at this moment we may even deny blasphemously that there is sunshine for anybody, for we try to believe only in those things we see. We see selfishness but we do not see far enough, for there is much else in the world that is better: we see immorality near us but we must be blind if we conclude, therefore, that all women or all men or both are plunged in a seething caldron of vice. Take a broad view of life, and despite murders, rapine, cruelty, you will be convinced the hands of time move forward. Bear in mind to your comfort that the things of good are ever quieter than the things of evil, and yet as the quiet river erodes the land more mightily and more effectively than volcanic outbreaks, so these quiet elements of humanity are working our whole selves ever upward, despite the crashing noises of downward tendencies.

How sweet it is when soft Spring shoots appear,
To mark their dainty dress, their color clear,
And follow forth with fancy's flumed eye
Their future's glorious possibility.

This tender twig, with dewy, verdant spray,
Fresh as the promise of a new-born day,
Fed by the sun's pure rays, its untainted air,
May grow a tree majestic and fair.

So childhood's years with anxious joy we view,
Knowing the noble deeds mankind may do,
Yet fearing lest the step of sordid gain
Their promise pure, unworshiped should stain;
Or lovely poisonous vine, with soft caress,
Their bounding healthy upward life compress;
Or houghs of other trees, with selfish growth
Induce a sickly feebleness and noth.

O may we strive, who now have reached our prime,
Though dwarfed perchance by ignorance or crime,
To clear the ground and give the Nation's youth
The air of freedom and the sun of truth!

TO SAD ONES.—Mark the tapping at the barometer during the next rain spell. No matter how lowering the sky, if the mercury rises upward ever so little you are sure of the better day coming, wherein the rain hath its rest and the sun its victory. Look out now through the streaming lattices of your soul; scan all the afflictions that have come on you from every side. Question them closely as it were, to see if sorrows will ever cease. Then you will note an upward tendency in them all, promising a brighter day wherein peace dwelleth. As the storms lash the earth with fury, yet clothe it with verdant beauty, so your afflictions cleanse away evil and weakness and unproductiveness in your character, that good may the more freely abound.

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LARGEST DRY AND FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY.



Irresistible August Bargaining!

A MARVELOUS SAVING, SELLING AND SHOWING! A conference of noteworthy happenings that places this occasion beyond the possibility of competitive argument. Mismatched requirements demand radical movements, and thousands of dollars' worth of high-class merchandise will be sold with a TOTAL DISREGARD FOR ANY LOSS INVOLVED.

Manufacturers' Surplus Sacrifice!

Our great outlet has prompted several of New York's best Dress and Suit Makers to send us their Summer stocks to dispose of. All new, stylish, dependable garments here, in quantities for distribution at almost any figure.

2,000 SKIRTS AT

ABOUT HALF PRICE.

Best quality White Duck Skirts, 5-inch hem, 4 yards wide, tailor made; thousands have been sold at \$1. Monday two hundred of them go on sale 49c.
French Figue Skirts, strap seam-trimmed with pearl button side pocket, four yards wide, 6-inch hem, perfect fit and shape, \$2 quality 1.98.
Linen Crash Skirts, lay seams, 5-inch hem, liberal widths, regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 qualities, three hundred of them Monday at 69c.
Thoroughly shrunk Irish Linen Skirts 6-inch hem, strap seam and button trimmed; a finely tailor-made skirt and actual \$2.50 value \$1.48.
Wool Skirts, brilliant, serge, mix three and fancy materials, in assorted lot of 300 finely made tailored dress skirts, former values \$3.25 to \$5.00, reduced to 2.75.
Excellent Quality Lace Striped Lanes, dark colors predominant, pretty figure, white collars and cuffs, were 75c, reduced to 35c.
Beautiful Disunion, that are here in an endless variety of distinct colors, light effects, floral designs, self colors, and an assortment of sheer linens, with var-colored dots, white collars and cuffs, exquisitely made, were \$1.50 and \$2.00, at 98c.
Another lot embodying Lanes in large and small designs, detachable self colors gathered ruffles and pretty patterns, self detachable collars, were 60c, and the 35c.
Sterling Lace Lanes, plait or figured, lace style collars, gathered yokes, and some very sheer laces, light or dark effects, detachable white collars and cuffs, were \$1.25, at 50c.
A supreme chance to procure a splendid quality Lane Waist at considerably less than its worth, navy and black, matched, and detachable collars and cuffs, special at 68c.

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Summer Jewelry

Of the dainty but inexpensive sort may be found in great variety in our cases.

BELTS - BELTS - BELTS.

Choice designs in sterling silver, mounted on silk or leather. Prices greatly reduced. All leather belts from 50c. up.

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